

Play Me a Song

by beautifullyinsane31

Category: Ouran High School Host Club

Genre: Romance

Language: English

Characters: Kyôya O., OC

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-09 04:23:30

Updated: 2016-04-09 04:23:30

Packaged: 2016-04-27 20:26:49

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 3,363

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: While escaping angry upperclassmen, American transfer student Tyler Reed runs into our favorite host club. After a compliment from Haruhi and a forced performance, Tyler somehow becomes the musician for the Autumn ball. So begins our cute romance. Except our little Tyler has a dark past she would like to keep secret, and Kyouya isn't known for respecting one's privacy

Play Me a Song

"You don't love someone for their looks or wealth; instead, you love them because they sing a song only you can hear."

* * *

><p>â€"lâ€"
â€"Host Clubs Exist?â€"•

I'd admit it: I zone out when it comes to music. That was why mom was always yelling at me when I had headphones inâ€"I literally ignored everything else and ended up ramming into things. That being said, this wasn't the first time I'd ran into someone. In fact, the last time I rammed into a stranger, it was on a school trip. The song had just reached the bridgeâ€"my favorite partâ€"and when I went to sway into the melody, bam. Right in the shoulder of some vender trying to sell me lotion.

Even though he was irritated, his reaction was better than the upperclassmen at Ouran High School.

"Are you going to apologize or not?" he barked, leering down at me. He was almost an entire foot taller than me, auburn hair down to his shoulders. His grey eyes were narrowed, anger seething in them.

I held up hands, trying to seem as innocent as possible. "I'm so sorry. I didn't seeâ€"I meanâ€"I was a little distracted," I tried,

motioning to the headphone cord dangling against my tee-shirt.

The guy next to him leaned in. "Hey, Toru, I think that's the American transfer," he said, eyeing me. "You know, that one that got in on a music scholarship?"

He snickered. "Oh? That explains the street clothes."

I looked down at my green long-sleeve. It was a nice pastel color in my opinion, going well with the white capris I had dug from my suitcase this morning. Instead of defending myself, though, I chose to remain quiet. Maybe if I did, he'd let me go.

Auburn hair guy, Toru or whatever, opened his mouth, but a creepy grin spread across his friend's face. Before he could say anything, his friend tugged on his arm, whispering something in his ear.

A pit of dread settled in my stomach.

"How about you play me a song then?" he said, straightening up. "To make up for running into me."

The offer didn't seem too horrible, but the creepy grin on his friend's face made me wonder what he whispered, and then I remembered that there weren't any cameras in the classrooms, only in the halls.

What were they planning!?

Instead of sticking around to find out, I backtracked, spinning on my heel, and made a mad dash for the red-carpeted stairs. I could hear the upperclassmen behind me, shouting profanities as they followed after me.

I didn't know where I was goingâ€"it was only my second day, dang it!â€"but before I stopped and prepared myself for defeat, I saw a pair of golden, double doors. Salvation! Picking up the pace, I rushed in, slamming the door behind me loudly.

"Welcome~" came a chorus of voices, breaking my concentration.

I squeaked and turned around so fast, I was surprised I didn't give myself whiplash.

Seven guys were standing behind me. Well, six guys and a girl in the boy's uniform. The one in the middle was smiling warmly at me, hand outstretched as if he was waiting for me to take it. His blond hair was neat, accenting his purple eyes, and the school uniform made him look taller, but softer in a way. On his left were a pair of twins from my class, Hikaru and Kaoru Hitachiin. They looked exactly alike except for the direction they parted their orange hair. On his other side was the girl, exactly my height, with short brown hair that matched her eyes. A little blond boy on the other side of the twins grinned widely at me, the tall guy behind him merely raising an eyebrow. Completely away from the scene, leaning against a table without a care in the world, was the last guy. His black hair was hanging in front of his glasses, framing his brownish silver eyes as he jotted down something on his clipboard.

Before I could say anything, fists pounded on the doors.

"We know you're in there, commoner! Open the damn door before I break it down!"

I scrambled away, managing to clear the area just in time for them to crash through, looking down at me murderously.

Someone cleared their throat behind me. I glanced back to see the purple-eyed blond looking quizzically at them. "And who might you be?" he asked politely.

Toru snatched me up roughly. "Didn't mean to bother you guys; just wanted to snag our friend."

"Sorry to interrupt you." His friend bowed.

I opened my mouth to protest, but someone grabbed my wrist, stopping the guys in their tracks. I looked up at the clipboard guy holding me, tilting my head, but he kept his gaze on the guy holding my arm. Surprised, Toru loosened his grip, allowing the guy with glasses to pull me closer to him.

"Sorry, Toru Kito, senior in class 3-A, but we can't let you take the girl."

He looked uneasy, but pushed on. "It's not as if she's your responsibility."

The glasses guy didn't look convinced. "Mori-senpai, would you mind escorting these gentlemen out?" he asked nicely.

The really tall one stepped from behind the short blond and effortlessly picked up each senior in a hand by the collar, placing them on the other side of the door before shutting it in their face.

I blinked a few times before looking up at my savior with a smile. "Thanks."

He smirked, releasing my wrist. "Don't mention it." He looked at the twins and short brunette. "Haruhi, I believe this young lady has class with you three, correct?"

"She's the new transfer student," Haruhi said, looking at me. "You did good, by the way. With your performance, I mean."

I smiled at her, rubbing my head. "Ah, thanks. I messed up on the refrain, but overall, it was a pretty good first impression, I think."

She returned the smile. "I didn't even notice, so don't worry about it."

The twins, who were watching intently as we talked, blinked. "What performance?" they asked at the same time.

"We had some extra time today, so Hayashi-sensei asked her to play something for the class." Haruhi rolled her eyes. "If you two hadn't taken an hour to give the principal that note, you would've seen it."

"No fair~" the smaller blond whined dejectedly. "I wanna hear~"

A sly smile curled the twin's lips simultaneously.

"Say, Boss, I agree with Hani-senpai," one started.

"Yeah. I heard it was really great, one of the best," the other concluded.

The blond rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "I heard the rumors too," he mused. "Alright, someone roll the piano over here."

My eyes widened, mouth dropping open. "Wait! What if I don't want to? I have something I needâ€"

"Too bad," a twin inserted, leaning on my shoulder.

"Because you owe us," the other joined, leaning on my other shoulder.

"Owe you?" I repeated dumbly.

The guy with the clipboard smirked a little, pushing up his glasses. "For saving you, of course."

I opened and closed my mouth like a fish out of water, trying to think of something to say.

"Just one song," the twins said at the same time, snickering as if they knew they'd already talked me into it.

They were technically right, though, I guessâ€"they really did save me back thereâ€"and my appointment wasn't for another hour and a half, so it wasn't going to hurt anythingâ€|

I sighed, giving in. "Fine," I agreed, "but one song, okay? Then I really have to go."

The twins nodded enthusiastically.

I blew a piece of hair out of my face and sat down on the smooth leather seat. The grand piano they rolled over was a gorgeous white, far bigger than the one they had in the classroom earlier that day, and I smiled a little as I tested the sound. All seven of them gathered around as the key rang out.

"Uh, so, this is called _Watashi E_, " I mumbled, suddenly feeling awkward.

The first stanza of notes came out shakily, like they had earlier, because I was nervous, but once the song came to me, I smiled and ignored the rest.

haro konnichiwa hisashiburi

watashi wa ima nani wo shite imasu ka

genki nara ii kedo

walked over to me. "I don't think we've properly introduced ourselves," he said. "My name is Kyouya Ootori. I'm a second year here at Ouran Academy. You could say I'm the manager of this establishment."

"Tyler Reed," I said uncertainly.

He nodded. "Yes, you're the music student from America. There's quite of bit of scandal around your arrival here, so you're pretty well known."

"Scandal?" I repeated, tilting my head.

"Quite. Haruhi being allowed in was one thing; it's entirely different for an American to be flown to Japan specifically to go here." There was an edge of a question in there, but his face was indifferent, like it didn't matter why I was enrolled here.

"It wasn't like that," I said anyway. It wasn't a secret, not really, and it's not like it was that big of a deal, so I didn't mind telling him. "My aunt and uncle have been big fans of Japan since I can remember"so much that they took Japanese classes together in college to learn the languageand their instructor invited them on a reunion trip to Okinawa. They were showing off recordings to someone, and, well, here I am."

He looked at me. "I see," he said rather blandly.

I made a face. Kyouya reminded me of the men Uncle Wes had to talk to when I was first asked to come to Ouran: stiff, expressionless, and bored.

The little boy with big brown eyes came bouncing over to me, a bright smile on his face. "I'm Mitsukuni Haninozuka, but Hani-senpai is fine."

I tilted my head. "Senpai?"

His grin widened, a giggle escaping. "Oh, I'm a third-year here."

I blinked, staring too intensely at him. He barely came up to my side, probably only around 4'10", with short, honey-blond hair. The boys' uniform he was wearing made him even smaller, like a little kid. A pink, stuffed bunny was in his arms, snuggled against his chest. How could he possibly be two years _older_ than me?

"Takashi!" he giggled, looking behind him. "Come say hi to Ty-chan."

The tall one walked over rather silently despite his size. He had to be taller than six feet, the uniform not doing anything to help his height, so I had to lean back just to see him. His dark hair was spiked, showing his dark eyes, with a rather blank look on his face.

"Hello," he said, voice deep.

I cleared my throat. "Uh, hi."

"Takashi Morinozuka," he continued, bowing slightly. "Mori."

"Good job," Hani said, patting his leg. "Now, let's go make sure everything's set~"

Mori gave me a curt nod before following after the bouncing boy.

"And I am Tamaki Suoh, my lovely princess," the tall blond said, grabbing my hand and kissing it in one smooth motion.

"Uh, nice toâ€"erâ€"meet you?" Did he just call me princess?

Kyouya sighed as he separated me from Tamaki. "She was just attacked by upperclassmen; flirting with her will scare her away."

"But, mommy," he whined, "she needs to be shown there are kind gentlemen out there."

I chuckled.

"In any case," Kyouya said, disregarding him, "the customers should be arriving soon."

His eyes lit up. "Right you are." Then he was off, doing god-knows-what.

"Out of the way," the twins said, carrying a table.

I side-stepped them, moving towards Kyouya as he pulled out a small tablet, and had a look around. The room was big, almost too big, with a high, rose ceiling. The walls were mainly windowed, showing the courtyard and garden just below. Everyone was bustling to add finishing touches to the little things: making sure the curtains looked just right, straightening the intricate tablecloths, fixing decorations so they were dead center of their pedestal. It was interesting to watch.

"What is this place exactly?" I wondered.

Kyouya continued tapping on the screen as he answered, "It's a Host Club."

"Host Club?"

He nodded absently. "A place where guys entertain girls."

"So those exist, huh? We don't have anything like that in America."

He stopped typing and looked at me. "Then allow me to explain further. Tamaki is the prince, always showering the guests with compliments and etiquette. Hikaru and Kaoru play the 'brotherly love' extention, acting as if they have more than sibling feelings towards one another. Hani-senpai is the innocent loli-shota, Mori-senpai being his silent and collected partner who watches over him."

"What about Haruhi?" I asked. "Is she here for those interested in the same-sex?" I didn't mind it. It's the opposite actually: I was under the impression Japan was a little tight-lipped when it came to

same-sex couples, so it would be good to see them moving in a more open-minded light.

Everyone stopped, though, staring in my direction.

"Sameâ€" "

"â€"sex?" the twins repeated, bursting into laughter.

Kyouya pushed his glasses up, amusement tugging at his expression. "So you can tell Haruhi is a girl?"

I tilted my head, confused. "And you can't?" I said dubiously.

He shook his head with a small smirk as Haruhi glared at the guys rolling on the floor. "Haruhi is a special case," he explained, definite amusement coloring his voice.

"I'm working here to pay off my debt," she supplied, ignoring the guys on the ground mumbling incoherent words before they sputtered with more laughter. "I accidentally shattered a vase my first day here worth a lot of money"

"How much?" I asked, purely curious.

"Eight million yen."

I whistled. "Geez. I don't think my entire house is worth that much."

"Same." She sighed. "So, there really wasn't much of a choice but to pretend to be a boy and join."

I nodded, catching a glance of the twins still rolling on the ground, and bit my lip. "I'm sorry about the assumption. I just thoughtâ€"well, I mean, I had _hoped_â€"with what I heard about the viewsâ€" "

Haruhi smiled, cutting off my rambling. "It's fine. After a while, you get used to it. No harm done."

I let out a breath. "I'm sorry."

"Haruhi~" Tamaki sang. "Come help daddy choose the best roses to use for the vases today."

She sighed again, muttering something about 'rich people,' and gave me a little wave before she headed over to him.

Hikaru and Kaoru calmed down as she headed towards Tamaki, wiping tears away as they stood up.

"Nice stumbling there, commoner," Hikaru said, leaning on one of my shoulders.

"Yeah. Didn't know you were so tongue-tied," Kaoru snickered, joining Hikaru on my other shoulder.

"I don't like embarrassing people," I muttered. "Is there something

wrong with that?"

Hikaru opened his mouth to reply, probably something sarcastic, but Kyouya interrupted him. "Hikaru, Kaoru, I believe there's a few things left for you two to do," he toned. "Guest will be arriving in three minutes."

"Gotcha, Kyouya-senpai," Kaoru said, still grinning.

Hikaru snorted. "Yeah, we'll get right on it."

They helped Tamaki and Haruhi set up, teasing the prince host about something, and I looked at Kyouya.

"Thanks," I said.

He didn't glance up from his work. "For what?"

"For helping."

He looked at me, raising an eyebrow. "What are you talking about?"

"You said that thing about helping just so Hikaru and Kaoru would stop making fun of me, didn't you? Same with Tamaki-senpai" just when I was getting uncomfortable, you sidetracked him so I could have some space."

"I can assure you that my only interest is ensuring this place is perfect for our guests," he said, pushing his glasses up. "My intentions weren't to help you."

I pursed my lips, narrowing my eyes at him as he returned my look indifferently.

I could've sworn

My phone vibrated, startling me a little, and I broke whatever was going on with Kyouya to glance at my phone. When I saw the caller, I groaned. Kyouya tilted his head, interested, but I quickly answered it and hid in the dressing rooms for privacy. "Hello?"

"Hello. Is this Ms. Reed?"

I nodded, but realized they couldn't see. "Yes, this is she."

"Ah, good afternoon, Ms. Reed. My name is Dr. Higurashi. Your uncle asked me to call and remind you of our appointment today at

"Yeah, I know. I'm on my way there now."

"Oh? Good! I'll see you in a few minutes then."

I ended the call, sighing, and headed out.

"I have to go," I told Kyouya, trying to keep the tension from my voice.

Either he didn't hear any or he ignored it. "Remember you have to

here tomorrow after school as well," he said simply, continuing his tapping.

"I know," I said. "I won't forget."

After a little nod to the rest, I walked out of the golden double doors.

* * *

><p>Blah Blah Blah:

Well, a Kyouya Fanfic was requested, so I thought I'd dig out an old idea and flesh it out more and vuala! Here's what came up! I decided to go with an anime-based story-line, so expect some rewritten episodes, but not too many. Don't want it to be too boring~ Also, fun fact, I picture her voice to be something like Lollia's on Youtube~ She even did a cover of the song Tyler sang, so check it out if you get bored~

Happy reading~

End
file.